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VOL. LIV.

No. 1.

THE

# YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum incens stans moech, nomen laudisque VALERIE  
antiquum SENECAE, nomenque PATRIS."

OCTOBER, 1888.

NEW HAVEN

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-fourth Volume with the number for October, 1888. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. LIV.

OCTOBER, 1888.

NO. I

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '89

JOHN C. GRIGGS.

HERBERT A. SMITH.

LEWIS S. WELCH.

HUBERT W. WELLS.

---

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY.

IT is not far from a year ago that there was begun a movement by a few members of the present Senior Class toward the formation of an organization to be known as The University Society. The preliminary steps were taken deliberately, and by slow degrees through the Spring and Summer months a nucleus was formed for the undertaking. This included some of the strongest men on the Faculty, of whom not a few enthusiastically pledged their personal support, as well as representatives from the Scientific and Post Graduate Departments, while from those who proposed to return from '88, and especially from '89, as originating the move, were drawn the larger part of those enlisted in its support. Preparations were as nearly as possible completed before the close of the college year and it was hoped that the first weeks of the present term would see a test of its practical working power. Of its present state and possible future I can speak more intelligibly after a glance at the aims and spirit of the movement itself.

The need of our present literary life which has forced

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I

itself upon the mind of those who have given its conditions the most thoughtful and disinterested study, and which has overshadowed every other of its exigencies, has been that of a definite form of union. Periodical and spasmodic outbursts of exultation and lamentation over apparent reawakening or dying out of our literary spirit, a fact clearly brought out in our leader of two months ago, shows but too clearly that even those who stand before the College as the representatives of that spirit either look upon our life from widely different standpoints, or what is worse, are content with the most superficial observation of it. It might, at least, be expected that between the editors of and contributors to our publications there should exist some degree of sympathetic unity; and that this is altogether lacking it would require a very blind pessimism to assert. Yet it is too often sadly true that dignity or indifference permits no closer communication between them than the simple acceptance or rejection of manuscript, while between the members themselves of the different Boards, though there is a negative absence of any ill feeling or point of difference, there still seems lacking a positive unity of spirit, exerting itself in any definite purpose that might run through all our college writing.

Among us, simply as students, all the forces of accidental circumstance and rigid college conventionality combine to draw and hold us apart and the often no more than accident of a year's difference in entering college may separate those, who, did circumstance unite rather than divide them, would enrich each the other in all the sympathy of the highest mental and spiritual aspirations.

Turn from our Academic to our University life. Is there a University spirit? Do we feel in our life here, as scholars and thinkers, the direct and open influence of those who stand for the most mature and best in this intellectual life? Our graduate departments seem as completely cut off from us, in this respect, as if they were parts of another institution, while our Instructors, who by their very position should here most guide and influence

us, now miss, apart from the class-room and limited personal and social relations, any one center, uniting the best thought and spirit of the University, through contact with which they might touch the springs of its life.

A man may pass through college to-day without meeting anything that openly and definitely typifies to him the scholarship of the University and stands for that which is highest and best in his inner life. It is not natural that this should be so. We need, any one of us, to but review our own history to feel how much man needs communion with man in the development of his own best nature; and we know that the friendships begun in sympathy with that which is outside of and above personality, are those which most perfectly grow into all sides of our nature and yield the richest fruit.

It may be urged, nor would we for a moment recede from the position, that it is the mission of the LIT. to be a center for the literary life of the whole University. But the medium of ink and paper can never take the place of personal contact, nor can a magazine however high its spirit or noble its aims, radiate that warmth of influence possible to an earnest body of men with a unity of purpose and height of aspiration that makes of their organization almost a personality, a strong uplifting force among us.

In recognition of the needs and to carry out the aims of which I have spoken the plan of the University Society was formed. Its name suggests the scope and dignity of its purpose. In a word it aimed to form a University spirit. It appealed to the best side of our natures. It was ideal; and though we may find in unforeseen circumstances the immediate causes that prevented an attempt at this time to realize its idea, the real secret of its present failure lies in that fact. For as yet it has not and perhaps for many years it will not come to the light in any recognizable form. The College at large is hardly ready for it, although of the Faculty many are waiting and some are even impatient for the fulfillment of the plan.

But what is the profit, it may be asked, in the study of a dead movement, of a movement that never even once took the outward form of life? If an excuse is necessary I will only say that it was due to those who try to find and follow any consecutive line of thought in our editorials that I should have spoken of that to which the leaders of the last two numbers have pointed. But it is the spirit of this movement, which, however inadequately it has been expressed, which indeed it is almost impossible to satisfactorily communicate, that not only permits but demands this explanation. There is surely something of that spirit among us now and may we not hope to see from those who had already enlisted in the movement and those whom, in its accomplishment, it would certainly have embraced, an effort to realize it in the established channels of college activity? If such a sweeping reorganization is possible in the Assembly as to thoroughly adapt it to the ends for which it was founded, we may find there some field for the play of this energy. Perhaps from Phi Beta Kappa we may look for some more potent influence than the sole ambition which it stimulates to possess its glittering badge of scholarship.

Lastly toward Chi Delta Theta, of which I feel at liberty to speak more freely, we may surely look with hope. It will, this year, at least repudiate the charge that it exists as nothing more than a convenient safeguard for the protection of hard-pressed LIT. Boards and as well deprive our contemporaries of a standing subject for well-merited invective. Some form of active life is assured for it and from its character we may look with confidence for some expression of the spirit and a more or less full development of the plan of the yet immaterial University Society.

*Lewis Sheldon Welch.*

## GOLDEN-ROD.

Oh Golden-rod, along the sunny lea,  
Where vines and creepers drape the lichen wall,  
And tinkling sweet and low the waters fall  
And haste their onward course to join the sea ;  
Tell, Golden-rod, that secret tell to me,  
Whence comes the light upon thy taper tall,  
Which burns so long and yet so brilliantly  
With yellow flame? Has it been thine to fall  
Upon that stone long sought by seers of old  
That turns, on touching it, each common thing  
Into the substance of pure glittering gold ?  
Or by some alchemy's soft whispering  
Hast learned, in summer radiance, how to hold  
Some of the sunshine for the autumn king ?

*Lewis S. Haslam.*

## NATURE ESSAYS.

AFTER a North-easter has been driving through a valley in the New England hills, sinking your spirits as flat as the lodged grain, on the morning of the third day hurry into old clothes and onto the nearest ridge to watch the wreck of the storm go sweeping over. Patches of blue break into the torn clouds as they rush by, trailing their skirts along the hill-tops, the mists lift from the distant mountains, the fresh wind strikes your face. Then, if a man, you feel your blood run quicker, your head swims as though you had drunk humming ale, and you know yourself in full sympathy with nature. A narrow path cut in second growth of wood with elders shutting in miniature glades, the sunlight filtering down through the maple tops, shining silver on the birch, golden on the leaves beneath, will excite the same sensation. Sometimes a patch of sorrel gleaming red against the dark spruces, the soft brown of waving autumn grass,



the drumming of a distant partridge, or a maple grove with its broken line of branches over a lemon twilight sky will make you feel as much a part of the scene as the stone wall you are sitting on. The feeling comes, you glory in it, and the next minute it is gone; then a sense of sorrow. How can I crystallize that influence, how preserve that picture to carry back to the city? No pencil or brush can catch the glow, the flash of light or coloring that so moved you. The camera can show dry facts as a botanist can his pressed fern, but not the life. What then? I will go to the nature essays, and, while reading them by gaslight in a close room miles from the valley and the hill, I can see the distant mountains and broken clouds, feel the rush of wind upon my cheek.

Every reading man has his favorite books, collections of essays and poems, in all likelihood a mawkish novel or two, perhaps fairy tales and children's stories, books that at sometime have appealed to him and still hold their charm. These he wishes to see unchanged upon his shelves, the same old friends that he first met, whether they were dressed in calfskin or purple cloth. It galls him to draw from the library copies dog-eared and thumbled by stranger fingers. So in our nature essays let us meet them first in a dress of our own choosing. A small sized volume, an 18mo would be the proper shape, with stout spring-back and thick linen page, bound in half-calf and marble paper mottled like the brown thrush's egg, a volume such that it would be love at first sight. It will have more finish than any binder's hand can give, when weather-beaten and marked with stains of heather and berry, it shows that, tucked away in pockets with cartridges and fly-books, it has been the tried friend and companion among country lanes, by singing brooks.

In this volume I would bind some half-dozen essays, two of Lowell's, his "Garden Acquaintance"; and "A Good Word for Winter," the latter a true prose poem. Reading this your face tingles with "those nettles of frost" driven by the North wind, you hear the beaten snow crunch under your feet, see the chimney's blue smoke

curling over the heavy-laden trees. Pictures arise of the delicate tracery and mosaics on house walls that face the South, the gorgeous tropical display of frost-flowers on your window-panes after a night of nipping cold. In the other you find yourself introduced to all the birds, and provided with pass-words to the good-fellowship of robins and blackbirds, and feel that you can pipe as good a song as any one of them. Cheery old Isaak Walton must claim room for some chapters of his "Compleat Angler." He is head and heels in love with nature seen through the fisherman's eyes, and ties very taking flies to his hook. I like to think of Charles Lamb having such a fondness for Walton's writing. How he must have smiled that genial kindly smile of his at the odd fancies, quaint phrases, the seriousness of such advice as "For worms there be very many sorts, and these, most of them, be particularly good for particular fishes. Now there be of lob-worms some called squirrel-tails, which are the toughest and live longest in the water; for you are to know that a dull worm is like to catch nothing compared to a lively, quick, stirring worm." Charles Kingsley has in his "Winter Garden" pages with the true ring to them, and pushing through the red-stemmed firs, listening to the music of their needles he is charming. You feel the indescribable something of a thrill that tells that you have struck the right metal. Stevenson strikes the same chord with a dainty touch in some of his latest essays, particularly in "Walking Tours" and "Pan Pipes." It is all the more moving when one remembers the invalid life of the man to hear him talk with such a breezy freshness of out-doors and the delights of tramping. His English always pleases. Miss Jewett in her passionless pictures sometimes gives us most delicate side-views of country life, noticeably so in her "White Heron," as Sylvia drives the cow home in the hush of the summer twilight. A word recalls to you pictures of the softer shades of summer sunsets, the browns and grays that follow the brilliant streaks in the western sky, the pale light at last fading out over the furthest hill and dark-

ness shutting down. You see again that glimpse of blue marked with a few fleecy bars of mackerel sky high up above the thick growing pines. Differing from Miss Jewett in every point is breezy Christopher North in his wild enthusiasm for his native Scotch lochs. One can scarcely follow in his extravagant flights; he is fairly brimming over with love for that wild country and cannot run his pen fast enough to keep pace with those Northern streams.

These are the ways of books that lead us through green pastures, by sweet-smelling hedge-rows. Such are some nature essays that we should lay by against the long winter evenings to quicken the drowsy senses with their thoughts of pleasant fields and fair valleys, sunny little corners and rushing streams that broaden our life and bear us with them out of our narrow channels down to the calm sea of nature and hearty love for nature.

*John Crosby.*

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### LAKE CARIBOU.

HOW fortunate it is that we possess the faculty of looking back on almost any incident or adventure of our lives and seeing only the pleasant side. The good old times which we so often hear about, like a view softened by the haze of distance, lose all the harsh or unpleasant outline of nearer inspection and, through the veil of years, seem to belong to a veritable "golden age." We all have our pleasant remembrances, and from out them one perhaps stands forth before the others. There is a day which one would wish to live over again, a place which one could surely revisit without fear of disenchantment.

Such a remembrance often comes to me of a day spent on one of the wildest and most beautiful lakes in the Canadian woods. We had traveled all a cloudless sum-

mer day; over broad, sunny lakes merry with the loon's laugh, through turquoise water set in shores of emerald, across shady carries, sweet with the spicy odor of pines and cooled by the breath of sparkling brooks, ever finding a more perfect sheet of water, or softer slope of wooded hills. Then came narrow river-like lakes, black with the shadows of overhanging trees, where the silence is never broken but by a leaping trout, or by the trumpet call of a moose; on, on, frightening the sheldrake's brood, pushing through the lily pads, until at last we reached the long carry to Lake Caribou.

And it was a long carry. Four miles through woods which the sun seldom penetrates, where the moss hangs thick above us and the skeleton arms of dead tamaracks tear our clothes in vain endeavors to detain us, where sharp roots lie in wait for the moccasined foot and stubby branches threaten the unwary eye, where, one moment we climb through the prickly top of some giant fallen spruce, the next are wading in icy water while one foot clings desperately to a slippery log and the other is sounding the depths of despair; until it almost seems as if nature herself is arraying her forces against us, as invaders of her own chosen retreat. Such is the carry. When about half way through it, one feels that he can solve the problem, "is life worth living," satisfactorily, and in the negative. And then there is that last awful mile when each footprint becomes a muddy miniature lake, when the pack has turned to lead and mosquitoes in clouds madden us with bites that cannot be scratched, when—But suddenly the gloom of the forest vanishes, a whispering of waters is heard, and, with a glorious burst of sunshine, a broad, blue surface appears dimpling with a cool breeze.

We looked from under the swaying limbs of a great birch, whose leaves shattered the sunlight into an ever changing shower of gold, and saw the tumbling water first roll to our feet, and then recede as if inviting us on, and, throwing down our packs, we launched the canoes and floated out on that dancing, rippling field of light.

On we went from under the lee of the shore, and as with a softly undulatory motion the canoe breasted the oncoming waves, we opened up point after point, bay after bay, until at last the entire six-mile expanse lay before us, a mass of molten silver held in its cup of deep, dark green.

On the farther side of the lake we pitched our tent, where there was an open piece of woods and a beach of white sand which met water so clear that the line of contact could hardly be distinguished, while near by ran a tiny stream, fresh from some forest spring, hurrying to lose itself in water as pure, as cold as its own. However, the shore with all its charms could not equal the lake in loveliness, and we soon set out again on its now placid surface. The breeze had died away, "gone down with the sun," which was just hiding itself behind the western pines, and while the lake was still in bright light the trout began to rise. Circle after circle broadened out on the water, splash after splash sounded in the motionless air, while the glow on the lake softened, and the gloom spread farther and farther out from the forest. But over in the east, on the rounded hilltops, the sunshine still lingered. There the dark green was almost changed to gold, faintly tinted with rose, as two or three fleecy, ensanguined clouds sailed over through the fast fading sky. In growing darkness we returned to camp, whence proceeded the cheerful ringing sounds of the axe. There the fragrant smoke and fire's warmth proved extremely agreeable, and after our supper of fried trout we lay there, resting after the work of the day, content to look on the crackling fire and listen to the forest sounds around us. But when the moon showed its perfect circle in the east, we sought the lake again.

The surface was without a ripple, and, as the moon rose higher and shone in full majesty, we floated along a broad pathway of light, which had no bound but melted into a gleaming mist stretching away to the shore, where it abruptly terminated at the forest's black, impenetrable line. Far behind us glowed a point of light, our camp fire, and although it denoted the proximity of man, it in-

creased rather than diminished the sense of utter loneliness which surrounded the beauty of the scene. Indeed, as it now shone, now disappeared, it almost seemed a will-'o-the-wisp luring us on to destruction somewhere in that utter gloom, whence it proceeded. Perfect silence had come on land and water at moon-rise, as if all nature had paused a moment to admire. Without a word, with a paddle scarce stirring the water, as if fearful of breaking an enchantment, we sought the shore.

Then there was the preparatory warming up by the fire, and the bed on soft springy moss under spreading birches, where we were lulled to sleep by the scarce heard swish of water on the sandy beach, and the sweet, weird night-call of the loons, the wildest sound of nature. And the start next morning, when the birds were scarce up, over that wonderful water, to which the mist was still clinging, under overhanging trees, from whose depths the white-throated sparrow was bidding us farewell, away past rocky islands and falling brooks to the carry, and the last of Lake Caribou.

That was all. I have seen the lake but once since, and then only from under the trees at the end of the carry. There its full beauties are not disclosed, but yet I could see the same clear, blue waves dancing and sparkling in the sunshine, and the soft cloud-shadows resting lovingly on the misty hills.

*Henry M. Sage.*

## THE OLD APPLE-TREE.

By the speeding force  
Of a downward course,  
There's a brook that runs to the sea ;  
But it lingers to lave  
With its wooing wave,  
The root of the old apple-tree.  
There are mountains to see  
From my seat in the tree,  
And the silvery thread of a river,  
That gleams all alight  
When sunbeams are bright,  
And each drop of the stream seems to quiver.  
'Tis oft I recall with the fondest delight,  
The old apple-tree in my dreamings at night,  
And the brook, and the hills, and the river.

They are dim and far  
As the light of a star,  
The castles I built with such glee ;  
Of my dreams there are few  
That have ever come true,  
That I dreamed in the old apple-tree.  
But my all would I give  
For one hour to live,  
Of the days that will never be coming,  
From my leaf-covered lair  
To hear in the glare  
The sound of the bumble-bees humming ;  
To be watching the dust-specks stream by through the air,  
As they play hide and seek 'mongst the shadows cast there,  
And the bumble-bees to and fro coming.

*Charles Capron Marsh.*

## THE UNFOLDING OF A LIFE.

THE lady in the fairy story was raised from the slumber of a hundred years by the coming of her prince, who found her beautiful and young, but it has been reserved for one of our own poets to meet love as the restorer from a bed of illness, lighting the lamp that had almost been extinguished and making it burn more brightly than before.

Always delicate, at the age of thirty Elizabeth Barrett received a cruel shock by the drowning of a favorite brother before her own eyes off Torquay bar, and for several months hovered on the border-land between life and death, hearing always the mournful music of the waves beneath her window. When at last she gathered strength enough to be taken to her father's house it was to accept the lot of a confirmed invalid, brightened only by her books and dearest friends. Here, in a darkened chamber, she read nearly everything that was worth reading, studying again her well beloved Greek, and catching much of the old Greek fire and directness. Hitherto she had published little. An essay in verse after the manner of Pope, a translation from the classics, and an obscure lyrical drama, this was the sum of her productiveness. She now wrote steadily, producing ballads and lyrics which to the discerning reader gave signs of all that she would be in future years. Her women begin to be of that unselfish type she has made us know so well—the kind that die for those they love. Even in a “Drama of Exile,” thus far her most lofty and imaginative effort, we find the same intense humanity of womanhood. Eve would have Adam slay her and thus blot out the past. Indeed, it seems to me that the very faults of the work are oftentimes touches which in her later writings are most highly praised. Thus if Satan has not the nobility of the Satan in “Paradise Lost,” he has a keenness of mockery quite in keeping with nineteenth century discernment. While taunting our first parents just outside of Eden, they cry, Begone, “or we may curse thee,” to which he answers, addressing Adam but with eyes on Eve:

I scarce should fear  
To wager such an apple as she plucked,  
Against one riper from the tree of Life,  
That she could curse too—as a woman may—  
Smooth in the vowels.

For that hardest of all disparagement, hardest because it cannot be combated, the last two lines might well have come from Romney, “friend” and “cousin.”

And yet, despite all this activity of brain, perhaps be-



cause of it, I think her life in these days was a very sad one. A human soul must not always be driven in upon itself, and the face grows pinched and weary under the introspection that seclusion breeds. A way of living that has grown up under a long course of enforced self-denial is not lightly to be put aside, and even when the time has passed the soul would still keep up the sacrifice. It is all so new and strange—"It cannot be for me,"—this is what we cry, no doubt giving surest proof that it is heaven-sent. It was so with Mrs. Browning, and if to give the romance in words above our own be not forbidden, it may best be read in her own sonnets, written secretly and put away as if too sacred for the world to see, published only after frequent urgings by her husband. While sorrowing—such is the confession—love came to her :

Straightway I was 'ware  
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move  
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair ;  
And a voice said in mastery while I strove, . . .  
'Guess now who holds thee?'—'Death !' I said, but there,  
The silver answer rang . . . '—not Death but Love.'

Not death but love, yes, that is the keynote of her song, but it was very hard to take the gift. She was unworthy ; what could she offer in exchange for love like this? Nothing that was fair enough, and so would fain have put the cup away. She was not cold—

But very poor instead !  
Ask God who knows ! For frequent tears have run  
The colors from my life, and left so dead  
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done  
To give the same as pillow to thy head.  
Go farther ! Let it serve to trample on.

And though he found favor in her eyes, the stranger came very near departing. Not till she learned that it was for no mere trick of smiling, but for love's sake only that he lingered, did his suit recover ; and then, with many a loving glance behind her toward an angry father who refused his blessing, she sailed away to Italy, the land of dreams and old-time scholars, there to find it crying for a friend and poet. "*O bella libertà, O bella,*" rings out her voice from

Florence, and year by year liberty grew stronger and more beautiful until like the morning sun it filled the land ; and then, her wish fulfilled, the wisher passed away.

This is her story, too familiar almost to be given here, were it not that in it lies the secret of what the world has deemed her most enduring work. To her, marriage brought something more than a mere continuation of her former self. It carried her away from her sadder days, away from lonely attic chambers with their antique furnishings, and placed her in the midst of living men and women tossing now hither, now thither, upon the sea of life ; nay, what is more, it threw her into closest intimacy with one whose intellectual greatness is without a question. Not that her cloister days were empty or were wholly passed in vain. For as Longfellow writes, before we can be original ourselves, we must be well saturated with the originality of others, reading much of heroes that preceded Agamemnon. Ah, but seed-time cannot last forever, this is the point where we shall go astray. When we reflect, that before this nearly all her longer poems were on Bible subjects, treated in the Greek manner, that love came to her at an age before which many of our greatest poets have attained their fame and died, it seems scarcely rash to venture that her novitiate had been long enough. Heroes and demigods, virtues and vices, even angels and devils have in large measure drifted from our song, and in these days he is most a poet who draws nearest to the doubts and fears that meet us every hour. It is not easy for us to guess under what title she would have addressed posterity had she rested all her days a solitary student-singer ; Milton's daughter, possibly, but "mother and poet"—we fear not.

From the freighted pages of "Aurora Leigh," in which are gathered her most mature thoughts on Art and Life, we learn that two things—"Grief and Love"—were left her as a legacy ; and if the one brought gold, together the other's kindly touch was sorely needed to open up the treasure given rarely unto mortal woman. Her life was blessed, for it was of mingled joy and sorrow.

*Henry Opdyke.*

## CHIVALRY.

From out the deep and soulless gloom,  
 That His own hand could scarce relume,  
 A voice was heard, as from a tomb,—  
 “For God and her!”

And straightway in that darksome time,  
 The kloster bells began to chime  
 In sweet, rare tones of song sublime,  
 “For God and her!”

Athwart the gloom bright arms flashed light,  
 While on the lance he bore each knight  
 Inscribed these magic words of might,—  
 “For God and her!”

Then ghastly shadows fled away,  
 And through the darkness stole the grey  
 Of hope's fair morning, and the day  
 For God and her.

And when at last within its tomb  
 The knight had swept the lingering gloom,  
 Achilles-like he faced his doom,  
 For God and her.

The knight is gone ; but yet we see  
 Within best manhood, beating free,  
 The ancient heart of Chivalry,—  
 “For God and her!”

*T. W. Buchanan.*



## A GASCON STORY.

“WELL, Gaspard, *coquin*, what makes you so late ;”  
 the young Gascon laughed good-naturedly as  
 he took a seat at the table where a couple of his friends  
 were drinking red-wine.

“I took a walk over the *cottesaux* after mass, and—well,  
 one cannot be everywhere at once ; but how many  
 dancers there are this Sunday.”

He turned his chair around as he spoke so as to get a

better view of what was going on; it was not the first time he had seen it—the four musicians tooting and squealing, the pretty peasant girls in their Bearnais costumes, the couples madly whirling, a waltz or an old-time gavotte, with the soft Spanish winds whispering through the trees, while over their tops the icy Pyrenees looked down and said, “*Vai*; how hot those people there must be!” The young men were cool enough seated under the arbor beside the vine-covered house, but how could they look on at all this without joining in? Come! Choose a partner, there is room for all here in the garden, but pay your money first, three copper sous for the wheezing votaries of song, around and around, laughing, gay, out-of-breath,—a dash for an unoccupied table, and still another half-litre of *vin ordinaire*! Not such a profitable way to spend Sunday afternoon; but then,—we are in France, *il faut s’amuser*.

“Half-past five, *parbleu*, I must walk faster; but it is so hot now; I wonder whether Mamette is still waiting for me,” and Gaspard hummed one of the tunes to which he had just been dancing, a merry Provencal air. A little cottage, situated on one of the outlying streets of Pau, with sweet briars beside the door and a jasmine vine growing over one end of it, with a little, sunburned, middle-aged woman standing in the door-way,—this was what the young man saw as he turned in the gate.

“Ah! naughty boy, you are always late now when your mother wants you to go to vespers with her; you, who used to get ready with your rosary so long beforehand that the neighbors would say to their children, ‘*Dépêche!* why are you not dressed in time as Gaspard always is.’” She said this with a sober face, but her eye twinkled; he, meanwhile, was thinking of his last *farandole*, and wondering whether he did not dance it better than most of the others. Gaspard had decided that everyone must belong to one of two classes, conceited people or good-natured fools, and he was so much smarter than most of his comrades, he could do everything so much better, that—well, after all it is not so very bad to be a little

conceited, everybody is that has anything to be conceited about. Other people said "yes, he is quite bright, but so proud, he is intolerable." Yet his mother idolized him, and her affection and pride were constantly saying to each other "Go, you must take a back seat, it is my turn now."

Two mule-drivers in Spanish dress were arguing violently just outside the Church; it was hot, and the wind blew the white dust up the street in clouds. Cool and dark as the Church seemed on entering it, Gaspard felt a sense of rest as he walked up to the holy-water basin and piously crossed himself, muttering a prayer. The organ was playing softly, while through the dim shadows, full on the altar fell the crimson reflection of the rose-window at the end of the nave. A stir, a swelling chant from an invisible choir in the transept, a procession, priests, acolytes, chain-swung censers—and Gaspard rouses from the day-dream whither his fancy had led him. Up the steps of the lofty pulpit, whose beauty had been marred by the barbarous touch of the Renaissance, walked a man whom the young would call old, and the old middle-aged. He wore a simple brown robe and his head was shaven, all but a narrow ring which formed a kind of halo above his deep-set eyes and the face of an ascetic. The Franciscan stood erect and scanned his audience, then bending forward with his hands resting on the pulpit rail, a half-smile of conscious power lighted up his face. As he began out came ladies' vinaigrettes and then their handkerchiefs, men crossed themselves to think of their sins; all were moved—ah, who could stand such pleading? Gaspard come out with his brain afire. He was pale with fright. *Mon dieu!* If the judgment day came tomorrow? Why have I not consecrated myself to the service of my God? Poor Gaspard, *pêcheur!* For the first time, perhaps, in his life he began to think for himself and to wonder if the simple every-day religion learnt by imitation from his parents was enough for a man. He weighed it in the balance of a violently excited mind, and with an acute sense of personal fear on the other side, it was found wanting. As he walked home with his mother he tried to think it over calmly. But no; hurry, you

have no time to loose; don't look back! He told her briefly his resolve. "Good-bye, Mamette, I am no longer going to be a sinner; adieu." For an instant she was amazed; but only for an instant. Ah! these méridionals, how facile they are. "A monk, a Franciscan, I see; very well. But you will leave your studies to visit your old mother and walk over the *cottes* with her, *n'est-ce pas?*" Yes, sometimes, Oh, yes. It hurt him to part from her, but there was something grand about this sacrificing everything. No more petty struggles, no more skirmishing, but a pitched battle against the powers of darkness; and he felt ready to rush to the foremost line. *Parbleu*, these French, how impulsive they are!

Long years passed, years which brought white hairs to Mamette and deepened the wrinkles in her face; but she was always the same, digging around her flowers and training the vines, polishing the silver, mending the linen so carefully, keeping everything neat and bright. But there were many times when she would drop her knitting to think of her boy and wish that he were with his old mother. "I suppose I ought not to want to take him from his sacred calling" she would say to herself, "but I am growing old; yes, I feel that I am getting old." To be sure, he came to see her quite often, and they would talk over old times together and she would tell him stories of his childhood, those incidents which are treasured and handed down in every family, incidents which he had not the faintest remembrance of, but which he knew by heart, for had he not heard these same stories ever since he used to sit upon his mother's knee?

Then came the rumors that the Franciscans were to be expelled from their monasteries and must follow the Jesuits from France. There were anxious months of uncertainty and waiting. One morning, quite early, there was a sharp knocking at Mamette's door, and when she came out, there stood one of the neighbors waiting to speak to her. "Bad news, bad news; alas, the Mayor signed the order last night; the holy brothers are to be driven out; the Government has decreed it; bear up, come with me and you can catch one little sight of your

son before he leaves you." Poor Mamette; with tremulous hands she put a shawl around her shoulders, for it was quite cold in the early morning, and with an aching heart she hurried along as fast as she could, which was not very fast, poor old soul! They found an excited crowd already beginning to gather around the strong iron gates of the monastery. A company of mounted gendarmes, magnificent men, all wearing imperials—the Old Guard come to life—soon took their station at the approaches to the monastery. The crowd swelled continually; how they got past the cordon, no one knew, but there they were, wild, gesticulating, threatening—the nucleus of a real French mob. Now the time has come; down the street marched a body of gendarmes; from within could be heard the unisoned chanting of the monks; fainter came the sound of their voices as the blows of the pick-axes rained faster on the crumbling masonry of the walls. "*A bas le Maire! Vive les Franciscans!*" the blows were lost in the wild yells of the mob. Old Mamette was leaning against the house opposite, where it was less crowded; all her maternal affection was overpowering her. "Oh! my boy, my boy, how can I live without you," she was saying, as the outer wall gave way with a crash; now the cells must be broken into one by one, and again, as if to shame these rough intruders, swelled a *Nunc Dimittis*. But for an instant the the crowd was hushed, for at a window at one end of the cloister, appeared the bare head of a monk, while with out-stretched hands he asked a blessing upon the people. Mamette looked up. "Yes, it is Gaspard; Oh! I cannot part with him; how can he hold to his religion, and leave his France, leave his mother?" The old woman's eyes closed and her neighbor supported her as she fainted away. Poor old soul; it was more than she could bear, this parting.

Two young Englishmen were standing near. "Come, shout, the more row the better—vive la République," one was saying, "but what is that commotion?"

"Nothing; only an old woman has fainted."

"Bah! What fools women are." *George A. Hurd.*

## NOTABILIA.

THERE exists an organization among us at present known as the Yale Assembly. At its advent into our college life some twelve months ago, it was greeted with that burst of enthusiastic welcome that is naturally called out by the revival of the spirit of old and warmly cherished institutions. It began its career with some degree of life and vigor, that seemed to augur hopefully for its future. But the hope was very far from being realized. Its meetings, as the winter term went on, were less and less attended, and the enthusiasm of its members was very plainly on the wane. Of the last six meetings of the year it is safe to say that a third lacked a business quorum, while the initiation of new members from '91 was the occasion of the assembling together of something more than half of the members elected from that class, who, in their turn, were greeted by perhaps a fifth of the active members of the Assembly.

It is one thing to chronicle this fall and another to discover the elements of weakness responsible for it and to suggest their remedy. And it may not be for us to cover all the causes that have worked together to this result, or to give aught but fragmentary suggestions for improvement. But if the circumstances are once plainly understood we may look to other quarters for a fuller and more detailed discussion.

To make a privilege cheap is, on general principles, to subject it to abuse. If a movement has gained any position whatever among us there are many who are glad to be recognized as its supporters, provided that their position requires from them no direct personal effort. Those who enter it in this spirit are a drawback to it; they are worse than a dead weight, which it must carry. Every member of any organization who is not actively in sympathy with its purpose and enthusiastic in his devotion, helps to deaden the interest of every other member and to dampen his enthusiasm.



The Constitution of the Assembly in its article on Membership, reads as follows: "Any member of any undergraduate department of Yale University shall be eligible for membership, but, *provided* that the number of Freshmen shall not exceed twenty-five." This is the only limitation in number, while a three-fourths vote of the members present is sufficient for an election. With these wide-opened doors practically any one could obtain admission, and the books of the Assembly contain the names of men who entered and were never after seen at the meetings, while there are some who have never even presented themselves for initiation. While this looseness has admitted so many indifferent members, it has also kept out many possibly excellent men who have been stimulated by no ambition to try for an honor and a privilege so cheap.

There is as well an element of weakness or strength in the reputation of an organization entirely apart from its intrinsic worth. If the members of the Assembly would rigidly restrict their number to a few really worthy men, their very appearance of strength would react on themselves, bearing fruit in an effort to maintain that reputation.

Again, a member's interest in a society is often directly in proportion to the amount of time and effort which its membership exacts from him. Every one must feel that he is essential to the welfare of the whole organization and must have invested in that organization enough of what he highly values to feel a deep interest in its success. The character, also, of the work required is another subject for careful thought. In fact, the whole matter needs a very close study, and if it is worth our while to continue the movement at all, it is worth our while to try to make it more effective.

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WE will only add to what we have already said on the subject of the LIT. medal, by another simple request to all writers in our undergraduate departments to consider this an occasion for their very best efforts. Essays will be due November first.

## PORTFOLIO.

The graceful curves and traceries bold,  
The mazy lines and dots of gold,  
That deck the creamy surface fair,  
Of Royal Worcester's splendid ware,  
Are but a richly fashioned wreath,  
Crowning true beauty underneath.

And so those gems around her neck,  
Diamonds and pearls and there a fleck  
Of brightest rainbow, opal's gleam,  
In all their radiance to me seem,  
As if their use was but to show  
Her throat as fair as drifted snow.

E. T.

—We are occasionally awakened to a realization of that mysterious change ever going on within us, by a difference in the aspect of things about us. Especially is this true of scenes long familiar and endeared by associations that seem to enfold even their least attractive features with a kindly halo. This changing of aspect is largely due, no doubt, to that moulding into harmony with itself, which attends the presence in our lives of any powerful and continued influence.

As we come back again to college scenes, the mind naturally reverts to the first impression which they make upon it, and wonders at the silent, unnoticeable way in which the veil of strangeness that then hung over them, has been drawn aside with the passing years, until we have come into such close and loving relationship to these scenes, that they seem to be, and to have always been, a part of our life. George Eliot thought that we could not overestimate the value of an admiration for some beautiful spot or region of country, formed and nurtured by a loving acquaintance in early life; and abundant evidences can be found in all her works of the rich fruitage of thought this influence bore. In a measure, at least, these familiar scenes, making an abiding home for our thoughts, around which they may cluster and send deep the roots of memories that through life will be constantly springing up in beauty and fragrance, may serve to supply a need too often sadly felt in the hurried, unsettled life of our own land.

At first thought, it may seem difficult to reconcile that increasing delicacy of perception which discerns each year new poetry

in the curvings of the elm trunks, with the charitable blindness that sees only the attractive in old brick walls. But there is a beauty that cannot be revealed by distance, and is never seen aright save through the refraction of the heart's atmosphere. A regret, not entirely unreasonable, must arise in every mind touched by the conservatism of poetry, that so many things, perhaps not beautiful in themselves, yet deeply imbedded in the life and spirit of the place, are now being and must be rooted up and cast aside, even though this be recognized as inevitable and preparatory to the nobler future. The rare power of this influence of association, both to refine our perceptions and to ennoble and strengthen our heart impulses, though perhaps, not often perceived and most difficult to define, should render it one of the most highly valued among the charms and privileges of our college life.

W. H. B.

—So familiar is the discussion of the influences of large bodies of immigrants, those tremendous forces which are silently moulding our national character, that we are apt to overlook how much we are continually giving back to the countries from which we draw these immigrants, in the form of new life and impulses, carried over by those who return to visit the land of their birth. This is perhaps most noticeable in Norway, where, among the peasants, hardly a family has not some relative in America. In traveling through the country one constantly meets with houses well painted, fences built and other improvements made by means of money sent back from the new world; and where the land admits of anything but hand cultivation American machinery is used. Every where are people who speak English, and who are glad to welcome a stranger from this far-off land of prosperity. The American spirit of democracy has made itself felt here already; brothers and sons have written back accounts of our republican form of government, till, in many places, instead of the Royal ensign, the flag of the Republican Norway floats above that of Sweden; and the desire to separate from Sweden and form an independent republic is daily growing more pronounced. And how fortunate an outlet for Scandinavian energy and perseverance is this land of ours, which stands with arms outstretched to receive any such honest workers, and ready to amalgamate them with the body of her population. Were they forced to stay in a country which can barely support the

sparsely scattered inhabitants which it now holds, and which, though possessed of, perhaps, the grandest natural scenery in the world, by the very character of that rugged scenery is least disposed to yield a sustenance to man, how wasted would be their grand persistence in the struggle to make the rocks yield forth bread. Once they have set foot here they are Americans forever. But despite the immense numbers which are coming over, there are still Norwegians left, being trained in the same school of thrift; men who are being influenced by the same crags and waves that gave their inspiration to the Vikings, and ready like their ancestors to strike out from their fjords to a foreign land where they may grow and spread and prosper.

G. A. H.

—Although the exquisite poems of English literature are crowded with pretty conceits with which to polish literary thought, with quaint suggestions to our philosophies and with superb expressions of feeling, it is rare that we find in them the feelings and expressions of our own lives. Seldom do we find ourselves unconsciously striving to breathe from our own hearts the same strains as the poet. A certain amount of anglomania creeps into our literary study; but with good reason. America is still young; her literature is young; her history brief and her antiquity no more than bric-à-brac. Her age busy with earning the necessities of life and hardly beyond the sternness of colonization, has left little idle time for dangling with fancy. Yet she has one theme admitting of endless variations—Nature. Hers is the purity, the beauty, the divinity of nature and the thoughts she suggests; the wild, the gorgeous, and the vast are hers also, and the low, mysterious moaning of the pines. The country is traced by no Childe Harold's pilgrimage; she has no "castled crag of Drachenfels." But her natural scenery, the ideas of life which inhabit each leaf and rock, and the thoughts that are stirred by the winds and speak in the rustlings of the leaves form the gems of American literature.

We can often feel an interest kindred to their own in the writings of American nature poets. They can help us, for often after leaving some striking scene of beauty, when trying to communicate our feelings to others, we feel the lack of literary ability or a poet's pen to depict the scene with full force and beauty. This may even happen with regard to scenes one

has often visited or deems he knows by heart. It is a pleasure that makes our hearts overflow with delightful recollections if, when far distant from the scenery of home, we can read the works of one whose life was influenced by the same surroundings as ours. With much fellow-feeling and with eager appreciation we then follow his thoughts and expressions. In this very way the Berkshire Hills claim to be the foster-mother of Bryant, our nature poet. It is to these same hills and the stalwart stock from which he sprung that Bryant owes his cultured Americanism, his sterling patriotism; and were it not that his boyhood was passed among these hills, much of the virtue which clusters round his memory would be lost. Far from the bustling world of progress, without a jar to displace his entranced state, Bryant has written his poetry of American natural scenery, the calmness and grandeur of which he diffuses over his readers. So generous and lovable was his own nature that his poetry, sympathetic and truthful, recalls most vividly to the reader far distant scenes. In them one is not bound to contemplate Bryant's thoughts, but instead his own thoughts are introduced once more to scenes in which they once delighted to muse. There is no selfishness in Bryant's poetry. It reveals the man, yet is always pondering for the reader. Its charm is the way in which it lights up the reader's imagination. By the very fascination of the verses is the reader made to feel for himself "the pleasure of the pathless woods." With his superior mind and talents and by the outpouring of his own heart, of which all who love the Berkshires partake in a measure, has he pointed out to them the meaning of Byron's lines:

"I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
From these our interviews in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before  
To mingle with the Universe and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

H. P.

## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

*Yale vs. Princeton,*

At Princeton, June 5.

YALE.								PRINCETON.									
A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		
Stagg, p.....	4	1	1	1	2	0	18	0	Wagenh't, 3b	4	1	1	1	2	2	0	0
McConkey, ss	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	Durell, r.f....	4	0	2	3	0	2	0	0
Calhoun, r.f.	5	1	2	5	0	0	0	0	Dana, 1b....	4	0	0	0	0	9	0	0
Noyes, 3b....	5	1	1	3	0	0	0	1	Hutchi's'n,l.f	4	0	0	0	0	2	0	0
Dann, c.....	4	2	2	4	0	14	5	0	King, p.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	12	8
Hunt, c.f....	3	2	1	4	0	0	0	0	L. Price, ss..	3	0	0	0	0	1	2	1
McBride, 1b.	5	0	0	0	0	8	0	0	Ames, c.....	3	0	0	0	0	7	3	3
Walker, l.f. .	4	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	W. Price, 2b.	3	0	0	0	0	3	1	0
M'Clint'k, 2b	2	1	1	1	2	5	3	1	Watts, c.f. .	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
<hr/>								<hr/>									
Totals.....	36	9	8	18	6	27	27	3	Totals.....	31	1	3	4	2	27	18	12

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Yale .....	0	0	0	1	0	0	4	1	3—9
Princeton ...	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1

Time of game, 2 hours 15 minutes; runs earned, Yale 3, Princeton 1; first base on errors, Yale 2, Princeton 3; first base on called balls, Yale 7; struck out, Yale 5, Princeton 16; left on bases, Yale 6, Princeton 3; two base hits, Durell; three base hits, Dann, Noyes; home runs, Calhoun, Hunt; double play, King, Ames, Dana; passed balls, Ames 1; wild pitches, King 2; umpire, Mr. McLean.

*The All 'Round Games*

took place at the Field, June 6. H. L. Williams, '91, was the winner, with a total of 10 points.

*Yale vs. Univ. of Pennsylvania,*

at the Field, June 7.

YALE.								UNIV. OF PENN.							
A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, 3b....	6	2	4	10	0	0	0	Seyfert, r.f....	5	1	2	2	0	0	0
McConkey, ss6	6	2	4	6	1	0	7	Nellins, c....	5	0	1	1	1	7	5
M'Clint'k, r.f6	6	2	2	2	0	2	0	Hovey, 3b....	4	2	2	3	1	2	4
Dann, c.....	6	2	2	2	1	10	1	McPher'n, 1b4	4	1	1	1	1	11	0
Hunt, c.f....	5	1	1	4	1	1	0	Faries, l.f. .	4	0	1	1	0	2	0
McBride, 1b.5	5	0	0	0	0	11	3	McCance, 2b4	4	0	1	1	0	4	2
Walker, l.f. .	4	3	1	1	3	1	0	Lansing, ss..4	4	1	2	2	0	0	3
Stewart, 2b..4	4	1	1	1	0	2	0	Hamme, c.f..4	4	0	0	0	0	1	0
Heyworth, p 4	4	3	3	4	3	0	5	Curlis, p ----4	4	1	2	4	0	0	6
Totals.....	46	16	18	30	9	27	16	Totals.....	38	6	12	15	3	27	20

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Yale.....	0	0	5	0	0	7	1	1	2—16
Univ. of Pa.	0	2	1	0	3	0	0	0	0—6

Time of game, 2 hours 20 minutes; runs earned, Yale 7, U. of P. 2; first base on errors, Yale 8, U. of P. 2; first base on called balls, Yale 3; struck out, Yale 3, U. of P. 5; left on bases, Yale 5, U. of P. 6; two base hits, Heyworth, Hovey; three base hits, McConkey, Curlis; home runs, Stagg (2), Hunt; passed balls, Nellins, 2; wild pitches, Heyworth 1, Curlis 2; umpire, Mr. Kelly.

## Yale vs. Harvard,

at Cambridge, June 9.

YALE.									HARVARD.								
A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Stagg, p-----	4	0	1	1	0	0	13	2	Campbell, ss 4	2	1	1	1	1	4	1	
McConkey,ss4		0	0	0	0	2	2		Gallivan, 2b 5	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	
Calhoun, r.f 4		0	1	1	1	0	0	0	Boyden, c.f. 5	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	
Noyes, 3b... 4		0	1	1	0	1	1	2	Henshaw, c 4	0	1	1	0	8	4	0	
Dann, c..... 4		1	1	1	0	12	1	3	Willard, 1b 3	1	0	0	0	12	0	0	
Hunt, c.f..... 4		1	2	2	0	3	0	0	Bates, p..... 4	0	0	0	0	0	11	0	
McBride, 1b 4		1	1	1	0	9	0	0	Knowlton, l.f 4	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	
Stewart, 2b... 3		0	1	1	1	0	3	0	Quack'b's, 3b 4	2	1	1	0	0	3	0	
Walker, l.f ... 3		0	2	2	1	0	0	0	Howland, r.f 4	0	1	2	0	0	1	1	
Totals.....34		3	10	10	3	27	20	9	Totals.....37		7	5	6	1	27	24	2

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Yale.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	0—3
Harvard .....	1	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	0—7

Time of game, 2 hours 30 minutes; earned runs, Harvard 1, Yale 0; first base on balls, by Stagg 2, by Bates 0; first base on errors, Harvard 5, Yale 2; struck out, Harvard 12, Yale 10; passed balls, Henshaw 1, Dann 2; wild pitches, Bates 2, Stagg 2; two base hit, Howland; left on bases, Harvard 5, Yale 4.

## University Foot Ball Meeting

was held June 8, and the following officers were elected: *President*, C. S. King, '89; *Vice-president*, W. C. Wurtemberg, '89 S.; *Secretary*, G. D. Yeomans, '90; *Treasurer*, E. Tracy, '90.

## Yale 220 Yards Record

was lowered to 22½ seconds at the Field, June 8th, by C. H. Sherrill, '89.

## Yale vs. Princeton,

at the Field, June 16.

YALE.									PRINCETON.								
A.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Stagg, p. ....	4	1	1	1	0	0	11	3	Wagenh't, 3b	4	2	2	2	2	1	1	1
McConkey, ss	4	2	2	2	2	1	2	1	Durell, c.f. ....	4	0	1	1	0	1	1	1
Calhoun, 2b. .	5	1	2	5	0	2	1	0	Dana, 1b. ....	5	1	2	2	0	4	0	0
Noyes, 3b. ....	5	2	3	3	1	2	3	0	King, l.f. & p	4	0	1	1	0	1	1	0
Dann, c. ....	5	3	2	4	0	8	3	0	Price, ss. ....	4	0	0	0	0	1	1	2
Hunt, c.f. ....	5	2	2	6	0	2	0	1	Young, r.f. & c	4	1	0	0	0	7	2	1
McBride, 1b. .	5	3	2	4	1	9	0	0	Ames, c. & p	4	0	0	0	0	1	9	2
Walker, l.f. .	5	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	Watts, 2b. ....	3	0	0	0	0	5	0	1
McClint'k, r.f	5	0	2	2	2	2	0	2	Mercur, p.,	4	1	1	1	0	3	0	0
									l.f., r.f.								
Totals. ....	43	15	17	28	6	27	20	7	Totals. ....	36	5	7	7	2	24	15	8

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Yale. ....	6	1	1	0	0	0	4	3	*—15
Princeton ..	0	0	1	0	3	1	0	0	0—5

Time of game, 2 hours; runs earned, Yale 6; first base on errors, Yale 6, Princeton 5; first base on called balls, Yale 2, Princeton 3; struck out, Yale 8, Princeton 10; passed balls, Dann 1, Young 1, Ames 5; left on bases, Yale 5, Princeton 7; two base hits, Calhoun, Dann (2); three base hits, Calhoun, McBride, Hunt (2); umpire, Mr. McLean.

*Record Breaking.*

At Hamilton Park, June 15, C. H. Sherrill, '89, broke the American records for both 125 yards dash and 250 yards dash. The time was 15 seconds and 25 $\frac{1}{4}$  seconds.

*The Deforest Prize Speaking*

occurred in Battell Chapel, June 22. The programme was as follows:

1. The Forerunners of the Protestant Reformation. Harold Russell Griffith, Springfield, Mass.
2. The Historic Attitude of the Church toward New Doctrines in Physical Science. Fred Palmer Solley, Orange, N. J.
3. Tendencies Towards a Centralized Government since the close of the Civil War. Orland Sidney Isbell, New Haven.
4. The Historic Attitude of the Christian Church towards New Doctrines in Physical Science. Irving Fisher, New Haven.
5. Sir Henry Vane, the Younger. Henry Lewis Stimson, New York City.
6. The Historic Attitude of the Christian Church toward New Doctrines in Physical Science. Harlan Ward Cooley, Dubuque, Iowa.

Mr. Stimson was awarded the prize.

*The Yale-Pennsylvania Race*

was rowed at New London, June 22, and resulted in an easy victory for Yale. Time 21 minutes 19 seconds.



*Yale vs. Harvard,*

at Cambridge, June 23.

YALE.										HARVARD.									
A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.			A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		
Stagg, 1	5	1	2	3	0	0	12	2		Campbell, 6	4	0	2	2	1	0	5	3	
Calhoun, 4	5	3	2	5	1	3	0	1		Gallivan, 4	4	0	1	1	0	3	4	1	
Hunt, 8	5	1	4	4	1	1	0	0		Boyden, 8	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Noyes, 5	5	0	1	1	0	0	2	0		Henshaw, 2	3	0	0	0	0	10	1	0	
Dann, 2	4	0	1	1	0	12	3	0		Willard, 3	2	0	0	0	0	8	1	0	
McConkey, 6	4	0	0	0	0	1	2	0		Bates, 1	2	0	0	0	0	1	7	1	
McBride, 3	4	1	1	1	1	9	0	0		Knowlton, 7	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	
McClinto'k, 9	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	0		Quack'nb's, 5	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	
Walker, 7	4	1	1	1	1	0	0	0		Howland, 9	3	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	
Totals	39	8	13	17	5	27	20	3		Totals	28	0	3	3	1	24	19	6	

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Yale	0	0	0	2	1	0	1	4	*—8
Harvard	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Time of game, 2 hours 30 minutes; earned runs, Yale 6; first base on errors, Yale 3, Harvard 2; bases on balls, Stagg 2, Bates 1; struck out, Yale 7, Harvard 12; two base hits, Stagg, Calhoun; three base hit, Calhoun; double play, Bates, Henshaw and Gallivan; umpire, McLean.

*Yale vs. Harvard,*

at the Field, June 26. This game gave the championship for the season to Yale.

YALE.										HARVARD.									
A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.			A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		
Stagg, p	4	0	1	1	0	0	6	1		Campbell, ss	4	0	1	1	0	1	3	1	
Calhoun, 2b	4	1	2	0	1	6	0			Gallivan, 2b	4	0	0	0	0	3	3	0	
Hunt, c.f.	4	1	1	3	0	1	0	1		Boyden, c.f.	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	
Noyes, 3b	4	1	1	1	2	1	4	0		Henshaw, c	4	0	1	1	0	4	1	1	
Dann, c	4	0	0	0	0	6	0	1		Willard, 1b	4	1	1	1	0	9	0	0	
McConkey, ss	4	1	0	0	0	2	3	0		Bates, p	3	0	0	0	0	0	6	1	
McBride, 1b	3	0	0	0	1	15	0	0		Knowlton, l.f	4	1	3	4	0	1	0	1	
McClint'k, r.f	3	1	1	4	0	0	0	0		Quack'b's, 3b	4	1	0	0	0	2	1	1	
Walker, l.f	3	0	0	0	1	1	0	0		Howland, r.f	4	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	
Totals	33	5	6	11	4	27	19	3		Totals	35	3	6	7	0	24	14	5	

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Yale	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	—5
Harvard	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	—3

Time of game, 2 hours 20 minutes; runs earned, Yale 2; first base on errors, Yale 3, Harvard 2; first base on called balls, Harvard 1; struck out, Yale 5, Harvard 4; left on base, Yale 3, Harvard 5; two base hits, Knowlton; three base hit, Hunt; home run, McClintock; umpire, Mr. McLean.

*Yale Freshmen vs. Univ. of Pennsylvania Freshmen.*

This race was rowed at New London June 26. Yale won by three lengths. Time 11 minutes 31 seconds.

*Yale-Harvard 'Varsity Race*

was rowed at New London June 29. Yale won by a quarter of a mile, making the unprecedented record of 20 minutes 10 seconds. The crews rowed as follows :

## YALE UNIVERSITY CREW.

Position.	Name.	Class.	Age.	Weight.	Height.
Bow,	R. M. Wilcox,	'88 S.	28	152	5.08 ½
2,	C. O. Gill,	'89	20	171	5.07 ½
3,	G. S. Brewster,	'91	19	168	6.00 ¼
4,	J. A. Hartwell,	'89 S.	19	165	6.00
5,	W. H. Corbin,	'89	23	177	6.01
6,	E. A. Stevenson, Capt.	'88	21	168	6.00
7,	G. R. Carter,	'88 S.	21	160	5.09
Stroke.	S. M. Cross,	'88	20	159	5.09 ½
Average,				165	
Cox.	R. Thompson,	'90	20	106	5.03
Sub.	G. W. Woodruff,	'89	24	176	5.09 ½
Sub.	N. James,	'90	19	158	5.08

## HARVARD UNIVERSITY CREW.

Position.	Name.	Class.	Age.	Weight.	Height.
Bow,	E. C. Storrow, Capt.	'89	20	148	5.08 ½
2,	J. B. Markoe,	'89	23	178	6.00
3,	P. D. Trafford,	'89	21	169	6.00
4,	B. T. Tilton,	'90	19	179	6.02
5,	J. T. Davis, Jr.	'89	20	170	5.11 ½
6,	C. E. Schroll,	L. S.	24	161	5.10
7,	J. R. Finlay,	'91	18	190	5.11
Stroke.	W. Alexander,	L. S.	22	154	5.11 ½
Average,				168 ¾	
Cox.	J. E. Whitney,	'89	20	98	— —
Sub.	G. A. Carpenter,	'88	20	165	5.11 ¾
Sub.	R. S. Gorham,	L. S.	25	155	5.08 ½

*The Glee and Banjo Clubs*

are reorganized for the year with the following officers: University Glee Club—*President*, Henry M. Sage, '89; *Business Manager*, W. L. Armstrong. University Banjo Club—*President*, A. S. Cook, '89. Apollo Glee Club—*President*, R. T. Percy, '90; *Business Manager*, A. E. Jenks, '89. Apollo Banjo Club—*President*, C. H. Keogh, '90.

### Democratic and Republican

Political Clubs have been formed among the students for the purpose of taking an active part in the present presidential campaign.

### Freshman Class Officers

were elected September 21, as follows: Navy—Swayne, '92, *President*; Weyerhaeuser, '91 S., *Vice-president*; Hoyt, '92, and Walker, '91 S., *Treasurers*. Foot-ball Association—Pell, '92, *President*; Pearce, '91 S., *Vice-president*; Sturtevant, '91 S., and Kellar, '92, *Treasurers*.

### Junior Promenade Committee

was elected from the class of '90, September 25, as follows: A. G. McClintock, N. James, H. W. Lee, E. Brooks, J. Crosby, G. D. Yeomans, W. A. DeCamp, A. H. Hough, S. Phelps. At a subsequent meeting of the committee A. G. McClintock was chosen *Chairman* and S. Phelps *Floor-manager*.

### Yale vs. N. J. A. C.

at Bergen Point, September 29.

YALE.						N. J. A. C.					
	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, T. S., c.....	0	0	6	3	1	Mack, r.f.....	0	0	2	0	0
Calhoun, '91, 2b.....	0	0	1	2	2	Wild, c.....	1	0	11	3	0
Noyes, '89, ss.....	0	0	1	0	1	Jas. Reilly, 2b.....	2	3	2	1	1
Dalzell, '91, p.....	1	0	3	14	1	Jos. Reilly, ss.....	0	1	0	1	1
A. McClintock, '90, c.f.....	0	0	3	0	0	O'Flynn, 3b.....	2	1	1	2	0
Day, '89 S., 1b.....	0	1	8	0	1	Smith, 1b.....	1	0	8	0	0
N. McClintock, '91, l.f.....	0	0	0	0	1	Beebe, c.f.....	0	1	2	0	0
Traver, '89 S., r.f.....	0	1	1	0	0	Suitner, p.....	0	0	0	13	0
Poole, '91, 3b.....	1	0	1	0	1	Vredenburg, l.f.....	0	1	1	0	0
Totals .....	2	2	24	19	8	Totals .....	6	7	27	20	2

### SCORE BY INNINGS.

Yale.....	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0—2
N. J. A. C. ..	0	2	1	0	3	0	0	0	*—6

First base on errors, Yale 2, N. J. A. C. 5; first on called balls, Yale 4, N. J. A. C. 1; passed balls, Stagg 4; wild pitches, Dalzell 3, Suitner 1; struck out, Yale 9, N. J. A. C. 5.

### Yale vs. Wesleyan.

The first foot ball game of the season was played at the Field September 29, resulting in a score of Yale 76, Wesleyan 0.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Poems.* By Rose Terry Cooke. New York : William S. Gottsberger. \$1.50.

The popularity which many of these poems have already gained from their first publications in the various magazines does not in the least detract from the interest which the collection has for us, but rather enhances it, for in this we may discern the full heart and deepest nature of the writer, before revealed only in single flashes that left us to imagine the greater part. True as it is that there can be no genuine poetry which does not take its origin from the inmost life of the poet, Mrs. Cooke's poems impress us at once with the singular beauty, purity and tenderness of that life, finding expression in lines always throbbing with most exquisite feeling, with that divine woman's sympathy and noble love which far surpasses passion because it has found the harmonies of the soul. Not that her nature is destitute of passion, but it is a passion checked and disciplined to obedience, strengthened now and again into greater power, yet never passing beyond its limits. It is a nature which seeks the highest with definite and steady purpose and at whatever cost, because it has recognized its own requirement of that highest, not to be put off or denied, the true expression, and because true the poetic expression, of the finest type of our northern womanhood.

*An Iceland Fisherman.* A Story of Love on Land and Sea. By Pierre Loti. Translated from the French by Clara Cadot. New York : William S. Gottsberger. For sale by Judd.

A land where the gray sea-mists stand ever ready to enfold into their nothingness the granite houses of the Breton fisherman, where the odor of sea-weed is always in the air, and the sad undertone of the surf beats always in the ears ; a sea where the summer sun never yields to night, but struggles continually to penetrate with a half-light the clouds which the icy waters congeal to hide his face : such is the land and such the sea of this most deeply pathetic story of love. Well might it be said that the whole book is gray ; every description is of silencing fog or furious storm ; every incident one of quiet sadness or passionate agony. Now and again the scattered rays of the sun seem on the point of scattering the mist, still we hope to see happiness triumph over the pain of waiting, but always the victory turns to defeat, and hope is lost again in the beating rain. And when at last the sad ending comes it settles down with a darkness impenetrable because no hint has been given us of the possibility of anything beyond. And so impregnated have we become with the spirit of the book that we cannot even protest, but bow in hopeless submission to the relentless gloomy spirit of the sea which swallows all into its oblivion.

*Abraham Lincoln.* A Biography for Young People. By Noah Brooks. New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75. For sale by Judd.

To the multitude of books for boys which now bewilder one wishing to make a selection, we welcome most gladly this interesting account of one

of the two preëminently great men in our history, written by one who was an intimate friend of President Lincoln, and who has already by his previous works established himself as a friend of youthful readers. While to the average American boy, Washington perhaps holds the place of national hero, there is, in the tale of the early life and frontier struggles of Lincoln, material for a story yielding in interest to none that has ever been written, an opportunity which Mr. Brooks has well improved. His biography is full of anecdotes of the man, and contains at the same time the history of the events of Mr. Lincoln's public life in a simple and delightful narrative; altogether such a book as would afford enjoyment and instruction to a healthy boy. A thorough index in a work of this character deserves remark and commendation.

*The Federalist.* A Commentary on the Constitution of the United States. Reprinted from the original text of Alexander Hamilton, John Jay and James Madison. Edited by Henry Cabot Lodge. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00. For sale by Judd.

It is a noteworthy commentary on the relative place occupied by the Federalists during the first three-quarters of a century after the adoption of the Constitution and during the last twenty-five years, that whereas up to 1864 twenty-four editions are known to have been issued at intervals never greater than ten years, the edition before us is the first published since that time. Formerly it was all-important, because up to the time when the problems of the period of the civil war became supreme, all the questions of national politics were questions of the interpretation of the Constitution, and here the authority of the Federalist was unquestioned. But since that time the character of political discussion has wholly changed, and we no longer seek to ascertain the original intentions of the framers of the Constitution, but rather try to adjust, as far as possible, to changed conditions the forms which they bequeathed to us. Mr. Lodge has gone back in his text to that of the first edition of 1788 and the newspapers, adding in foot-notes any important changes of the later editions, and to it he has prefixed a careful consideration of the authorship of the letters still under dispute, as well as a complete bibliography of the Federalist.

*The Present Conditions of Economic Science and the Demand for a Radical Change in its Methods and Aims.* By Edward Clark Lunt, A.M. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents. For sale by Judd.

In spite of the somewhat formidable title of this book—one of the "Questions of the Day" series—a closer acquaintance finds it by no means so belligerent as one would at first suppose. The purpose of the writer is not to champion the "New" or "Historical" school of political economy against the old, but to show that the two are essentially the same in method, and that the former is at most only a criticism of a tendency on the part of the latter toward an exaggeration of the speculative element. After a discussion of the charges made against the science in general, the essay proceeds to a comparison of the two schools, and having failed to discover the fact or the necessity of radical change, concludes with the advice that economists turn from a useless warfare on one another to attack the many pressing social questions of the day.

*Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States.* By Simon Sterne. Fourth revised edition. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

No better commentary on the excellence and success of this work could be had than the fact that in the six years that have elapsed since its publication, four editions have been called for. It is with especial interest just at this time of peculiar political activity, that we read the judgment of a writer so keen on the events occurring since the first issue of his work, and gratifying to notice the improvement which has taken place in many directions, where he had indicated imminent dangers. Especially does he commend the course of Congress in passing the Inter-State Commerce Act, which he regards as "the most important administrative advance taken by the government. . . to obliterate State authority where State authority has proved impotent and ineffectual." Every question of present interest is discussed in the forty pages of closely printed addenda, and in the appendix are given the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution.

*Lays of Ancient Rome, Together with Iwry, The Armada, A Radical War Song, The Battle of Moncontour, Songs of the Civil War.* By Lord Macaulay. Illustrated by George Scharf, Jr. Knickerbocker Nuggett Series. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The poems included in this collection are too well known to require that attention should be drawn to them, but the beautiful setting which they receive in the dainty cover and fine workmanship of this series, makes it a pleasure even to handle the volume. The critics may dispute the right of the Lays of Ancient Rome to the title of poems, but for most of us at least there is that in them which moves and pleases us, and we are glad to see them added to the number of Knickerbocker Nuggetts.

*The Odyssey of Homer.* Done into English prose by S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. \$1.50.

To one who wishes to obtain a translation of any of the masterpieces of classic literature, a choice between two evils is usually open. On the one hand there are the bald, mechanical, literal translations, which under present systems of education the law of supply and demand has called forth, and on the other, the free translations of inaccurate or uncertain scholarship, which English men—and women—of letters, have produced ever since Surrey's translation of the Aeneid, made before Shakspeare was born. Added to these we have a few—a very few, when compared with the great mass from which they stand apart—where the translator has combined a critical knowledge of the language from which he translates with the literary ability necessary to throw his work into a literary form. Unsurpassed among such works stands the book before us. It combines remarkable care and exactness of translation with an expression best fitted to convey to us the effect of Homer's Greek upon the Greeks, and although we lose the music of the verse, and with it half the original beauty, we gain a closeness to its spirit second only to that which a reading in Greek gives.

*A Marriage of Shadows, and Other Poems.* By Margaret Veley. With Biographical Preface by Leslie Stephens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.00 For sale by Judd.

One does not have to read many lines in this little book before finding out that it is the work of a true poet. Indeed Mr. Stephens' sympathetic introduction has already convinced us of this, but there is a rare beauty and depth of thought revealed on every page, such as we had not expected to find from the shy and unassuming Englishwoman. Her life was one of sadness, and her poems spring from her life, for she tells us "All my feelings of awe and doubt and wonder, and all my longings to get down to the heart of things seem to me to find far deeper and truer expression in verse. Is it that they want to be set to music in some way? Besides," she adds, "I can say in verse what I could not say in prose." The surest possible test, this, of a writer's title to the name of poet. A song which sings itself is the only one which deserves to be sung at all. Miss Veley is not altogether unknown to American readers, for a number of her poems have appeared in our magazines. Had her life continued through another decade, there is every reason to believe she might have seen her power, of which she had herself as yet hardly become fully assured, recognized far more widely than has ever been the case. Yet she has left with us enough to establish her claim to a rank among the foremost poets of her time.

*Undine*. A Romance, and *Lustram and His Companions*. By De LaMotte Foug  . Illustrated by Heywood Sumner. Knickerbocker Nuggetts Series. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

This new translation of Foug  's two masterpieces is on the whole very satisfactory. That the translator's strongest effort has been directed towards the interpretation and reproduction of the spirit of the original is clear, and in this respect the work is very creditable. The style, perhaps, is more open to censure. But this is no doubt owing to the natural difficulty of transplanting the simple, heartfelt German sentences into our more conventional English. Nevertheless the book is very readable and can fairly challenge comparison with the older translations.

F. S.

*Worcester's Academic Dictionary*. A New Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, with synonymes and copious tables, exhibiting the pronunciation of ancient and modern biographical and geographical names, Scripture proper names, Christian names, mythological personages, abbreviations, phrases and quotations from foreign languages, weights, measures, coins, etc. Prepared upon the basis of the latest edition of the unabridged dictionary of Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.00 For sale by Judd.

The present edition is a complete revision of the old Worcester's Academic Dictionary. In it especial attention has been directed to the etymology of words, although not to the sacrifice of pronunciation and definition, thus making it of especial value to the student. The type is good and no pains has been spared to make the work as complete as the necessary limits permit.

*Chambers' Encyclop  dia*. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New edition. Vol. II. Beau-Gency to Cataract. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.00. For sale by Judd.

The republication of this enlarged and greatly improved edition of a standard work of reference has been already noticed in this magazine at the time of the appearance of the first volume. Among the articles especially

worthy of notice are the ones on Burns, by Mr. Andrew Lang, and on Byron, by Mr. George Saintsbury. A large number of specialists have contributed in their several departments, while several articles on American subjects especially interest us.

*Editha's Burglar. A Story for Children.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by Henry Sandham. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co.

The publication of this pretty little story in book form will be greeted with pleasure by those who have previously become familiar with it through its first appearance in *St. Nicholas*, as well as by those who meet with it now for the first time. It is, like the inimitable "Little Lord Fauntleroy" by the same author, one of those simple child's stories which may be read with pleasure by grown people as well as children. The illustrations vary considerably in quality, and while they are on the whole fair, they cannot in all cases be said to add especially to the attractiveness of the book.

*Jack in the Bush, or a Summer on a Salmon River.* By Robert Grant. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co.

As long as boys' nature remains what it is, stories of adventure in camp and on the water will not fail to be written and find readers. An account of a summer's sport in the northeastern part of the Province of Quebec, such as is here described, must find its way to the heart of every true boy to awaken within him longing desires to explore the wilderness, and experience the delights of salmon-fishing for himself, and although to very few is anything of the sort possible, the mere reading of the story will be sufficient to send the blood with keener tingle through his veins by quickening within him that instinct of the savage which, it is to be hoped, has not yet been emasculated from him.

#### TO BE REVIEWED.

*Hints from a Lawyer, or Legal Advice to Men and Women.* A Lawbook for Everybody. By Edgar A. Spencer. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

*Essays on Practical Politics.* By Theodore Roosevelt. Questions of the Day Series. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents. For sale by Judd.

*The Story of Media, Babylon and Persia.* By Zénaïde A. Ragoyin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

*The Story of Turkey.* By Stanley Lane-Poole, assisted by E. J. W. Gibb and Arthur Gilman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

*History of Tennessee. The Making of a State.* By James Phelan. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00. For sale by Judd.

*The Centennial of a Revolution.* An Address by a Revolutionist. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*The Sunday School: Its Origin, Mission, Methods and Auxiliaries.* The Lyman Beecher Lectures before Yale Divinity School for 1888. By H. Clay Trumbull. Philadelphia: John D. Wattles.

*Books and Men.* By Agnes Repplier. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

*Leibniz's New Essays Concerning the Human Understanding.* A Critical Exposition. By John Dewey, Ph.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. \$1.25.

*Papers of the American Historical Association, Vol. III, No. 1. Report of the Proceeding of the American Historical Association in Boston and Cambridge, May 22-24, 1887.* By Herbert B. Adams. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50. For sale by Judd.



## RECEIVED.

- The Silver Lock and Other Stories.* Cassell's "Rainbow" Series. 25 cents. For sale by Judd.
- No. 19 State Street.* By David Graham Adee. Sunshine Series. New York: Cassell & Co. 50 cents. For sale by Judd.
- The Gun-Maker of Moscow.* By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. Sunshine Series. New York: Cassell & Co. 20 cents. For sale by Judd.
- The President's Message, 1887.* With Annotations, by R. R. Bowker. Questions of the Day. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25 cents. For sale by Judd.
- Friendly Letters to American Farmers and Others.* By J. S. Moore. Questions of the Day. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25 cents.
- American Prisons in the Tenth United States Census.* By Frederick Howard Wines. Questions of the Day. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25 cents. For sale by Judd.
- The President's Message, 1887.* With illustrations by Thomas Nast. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25 cents. For sale by Judd.
- The Old English Baron.* By Clara Reeve. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.
- The Diary of Samuel Pepys.* From Nov., 1668, to end of Diary. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.
- Plutarch's Lives of Pyrrhus, Camillus, Pelopidas and Marcellus.* Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.
- Essays and Tales.* By Joseph Addison. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.
- Lives of the English Poets, Addison, Savage, Swift.* By Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.
- Second Part of King Henry IV.* By William Shakspeare. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.
- Essays and Tales.* By Richard Steele. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.
- Marmion.* A tale of Flodden Field. By Sir Walter Scott. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.
- The Existence of God.* By Fénelon. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.
- The Merry Wives of Windsor.* By William Shakspeare. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.
- The Schoolmaster.* By Roger Ascham. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.
- Plutarch's Lives of Dion, Brutus, Artaxerxes, Galba and Otho.* Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.
- The Brown Stone Boy and other Queer People.* By William Henry Bishop. Sunshine Series. New York: Cassell & Co. 50 cents.
- King Richard II.* By William Shakspeare. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.
- Plato's Crito and Phædo.* Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.
- The Victories of Love, and other Poems.* By Coventry Patmore. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

## "THE POET'S SONG."

The poet's song is still the same :  
Across the faces of the rain  
A sun-shaft from his quivering string,  
Or smile in tears. In hearts of flowers  
The wild bee nestles ; there's a pain  
In notes of wood-birds as they sing.  
His roses never lack a thorn.  
And though the jewels in it flame  
The crown has still its leaden bars,  
And in the halo round a name  
We love are yet a few dim stars.  
All these ! But Singer, in the flow  
And gurgle of thy mountain stream  
We seem to hear, as in a dream,  
The roar of ocean, see the crest  
Of hooded waves—and in the west  
The flushes of the afterglow  
And promise of a golden morn.

"What is once done can never be undone," says the proverb, and in a sense somewhat restricted the same may be true of speech, particularly that speech which, in one way or another, finds itself materialized into printer's ink. A few rapid strokes of a pen, a short working of nimble fingers doing a kind of systematic disarrangement of the alphabet, and lo ! our words are hard and fast in an iron mould, and thence the paper pigeons fly away across land and sea ; and our words are become history. Happy the man whose words are true, happy the singer who finds his song "in the heart of a friend." But the liar, and the careless man whose plays with speech—their judgment is swift and sure. And here we may be permitted to utter a noble and significant commonplace, namely, that man naturally abominates lying, yes, even the practisers of it abominate it. So we find honor among thieves, truth within falsehood, pointing the cynic to an optimistic view of human nature, an ultimate basis that will bear analysis.

Now, carelessness of speech is a kind of lying ; a statement with the probability either of veracity or untruth—what else is it but a lie ? If we watch as third party to a polemical duel over politics a discussion of the same, we cannot fail to notice a general broadness, a generous carelessness, in the statement of "facts." As we glance over our western exchanges we are somewhat surprised to find a certain Wisconsin paper picking up the political gauntlet thrown down by a well-meaning but, as our Wisconsin friend thinks, injudicious "Prohibition organ," and declaring itself in such terms as the following : "Either he basely, maliciously, and willfully lies,

or else he doesn't know enough to come in when it rains," and so forth, in much the same strain. Now, such language is careless, and more than that, it is abusive. As Mr. Matthew Arnold would say, it is coarse and uncultured and, like the work of an inferior tool, its effect is *nil* because it tears and effaces everything to which it is laid. Its attitude is that of an angry man who, unbalanced by the weight of some truth he has to utter, gesticulates wildly with eyes blazing and hair disordered, or, in his eagerness to convince, shakes his fist in his opponent's face. However, the opponent is not convinced. Men are *drawn*, not driven by whipping arguments.

One can very comfortably endure a pointed commonplace. "Commonplace!" says Turgénieff, "I know many excellent commonplaces. 'Order and liberty,' there's an immortal commonplace for you!" But a commonplace uttered with naïveté and a deal of bombast—heaven keep us to our own preaching—is, at least, amusing, immortality and all. Thus we are told in the September number of a college periodical that the men who have "inaugurated and carried on" reforms in history have been men of strong character. In one sense this is a commonplace not altogether objectionable when rightly viewed. In another sense, and according to the more modern way of thinking, it is not in strict accordance with fact, the modern view being that among civilized peoples no man is 'inaugurated' the author of radical and sustained reform. The man is but the exponent, the focus of reform the point whence glowing coals leap into flame. A great man among us recently said: "Great men! Look over the sea of history and you will find that the 'great man' is but a chip on its wave-crest." A little more than that, perhaps, for a chip is not only helpless but inactive, and great men—Luther, Cromwell, the Sweet Teacher himself—surely, these were no chips. For my own part, I greatly love Turgénieff's man, who "glowed for what was good" as quietly and steadily as the lamp before the images of the saints." Here is work, "reform," *life*, with very little noise!

Another word about the poet; I always love to come back to him and feel the beat of his great heart, tearful or joyful. I love to think about him, to question him, to know him. And as I hear him, as I know him, he is one whose life is a song—one who *must* sing or die. Music or dissolution, music and life! Casting about for an example, some true example, I find that the name of Edward Rowland Sill is upon the lips of Yale men to-day, not because he was an eminent scholar, not because he was a great teacher, but because—because *he sang*, he could not otherwise.

Again it gives us pleasure to call attention to our friend, the *Dartmouth Lit.*, a publication which seems to be the product of a genuine literary atmosphere wherein, perhaps, the spirit of 'John Noman' walks abroad. The July number of the *Wesleyan Argus* has but just reached us. Its tone is far truer, clearer, better than we have known before; in short it is literary. If space permitted we would quote a spirited poem from the *Round-Table*, entitled "The Sailing of the Armada." What a pity that the evidence of Western collegiate culture should sound no surer note, but forever be spasmodic!

The following poem has a certain maturity about it somewhat beyond the average college verse. As we clip we recall a happy time some three years ago, when the author's first college song was a feature of the evening:

## THE TWO HILLS.

Two hills there are by a river's side ;  
 One valley alone the hills divide.  
     On this, with its crowd and its stately row,  
     The march of the mind is sure and slow ;  
 But on yonder hill by the river's side,  
 With only a valley's width to divide,  
     Where the buildings stand in brave array,  
     The mind's in a labyrinth's maze astray.

These know the annals of olden time—  
 The rise into power, the reign sublime,  
     The king and the kingdom's overthrow—  
     The march of the mind is sure and slow.  
 But yonder are princes and potentates,  
 And poms and pageants and vast estates ;  
     Possessions are added to every day—  
     The mind's in a labyrinth's maze astray.

Here secrets are read in the stones and stars ;  
 Here Reason shut doors of the future unbars ;  
     Here pages of old their knowledge bestow—  
     The march of the mind is sure and slow ;  
 But yonder the miser is guarding—no gold ;  
 Each person's an oracle—fate is foretold,  
     And fancies and facts are in disarray—  
 The mind's in a labyrinth's maze astray.

Friend, dwell with glad heart where, in weal or in woe,  
 The march of the mind is sure and slow ;  
 And pity the people of whom we say  
 The mind's in a labyrinth's maze astray.

*Wesleyan Argus.*

We quote :

## BALLADE OF LETTERS.

In my box there's an envelope square ;  
 It is cream-colored, dainty, and neat ;  
 About it there lingers an air  
     Of Ricksecker, gentle and sweet.  
 As my eyes the fine handwriting greet  
 My heart with my head runs away,  
 Oh ! what, for pure joy, could compete  
     With a letter from Annie or May ?

How I long to my room to repair !  
 In the depths of my study's retreat  
 I shall feast with an ecstasy rare  
 Like a starveling first suffered to eat.  
 Oh ! how slowly the long minutes fleet  
 As in sight of my treasure I stay—  
 And the bliss of my day is replete  
 With a letter from Annie or May !

There are pleasures on earth that are fair,  
 There is toil without cark or defeat,  
 There are times free from sorrow or care,  
 Yet they seem but as chaff in the wheat ;  
 And the joy of them all is not meet  
 For a measure of one happy day  
 When I step to the prosy old street  
 With a letter from Annie or May.

## ENVOY.

O thou Princess, inspire the maid—  
 Thou Princess of "Yea" and of "Nay"—  
 For the longest of toils is repaid  
 With a letter from Annie or May !

*Dartmouth Lit.*

We cover as wide a field as we may and print :

## THE POET.

Many thoughts do come and go  
 In the Poet's mind ;  
 Blessed are they who truly know  
 Brightest thoughts to find,  
 Spurning all the dark and low  
 For a nobler kind.

Many fancies see the light  
 By the Poet's pen ;  
 Blest is he who shows aright  
 Life and love for men,  
 Waking out of blackest night.  
 Joyous hope again.

*Williams Weekly.*

## ON STORMY COASTS.

I launched my ships on the sea  
 In the morning's crimson light ;  
 The favoring gales caught their silvery sails  
 And wafted them out of sight.  
 And my ships they were three.

They sailed with laughter and glee,  
*My Hope, my Faith, my Love :*  
 I've grown old by the shore, yet I watch evermore,  
 And ask of the stars above  
 Of my ships that were three.

"Will they never come back to me?  
 I'm weary with waiting," I cried.  
 "The ocean of years is bitter with tears,"  
 A voice from the waves replied.  
 And my ships they were three.

*Dartmouth Lit.*

IN REMEMBRANCE.

Last night I woke and heard the wind a-sweep,  
 And making music in the willow trees.  
 And like some happy wandering child, the breeze  
 Sang softly to itself, as half asleep  
 And ceased, and sang again. Then full of sound  
 The great tower clock hung overhead struck three.  
 The wind gasped once and died; the shining sea  
 On high was hid, and blackness fell around.

O fair young soul! On thy sweet innocence  
 The starry angels smiled. The fragrant breath  
 Of heaven seemed singing through thy life; but whence  
 Its beauty we knew not. The knell of death  
 At morn was sounded, and ere dawn of day  
 The stars were hid, and thou hadst gone away. "

*The Dartmouth.*

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

"Philip, my king!" From gardens full and fair  
 Comes ringing through the morning's burdened air  
 This chorused cry from every flower and tree,  
 To hail their Homer, passed in majesty  
 Beyond the garden's range of waste and wear.

In other gardens, richer, sweeter, where  
 The poor, blind singer sees their beauty rare,  
 The blossoms chant, in holy melody,  
 "Philip, my king!"

The mystery of life may none declare,  
 And each his lot without complaint must bear.  
 O suffering poet! while the flowers to thee  
 Allegiance give, in loving fervor, we,  
 Thy half-blind fellows, claim this honest share,  
 "Philip, my king!"

*Dartmouth Lit.*

## UNREST.

FROM VERLAINE.

Thy soul meseems is a fair garden scene,  
Bewitched by masks, who pass in merry wise,  
Fingering the lute and dancing, yet, I ween,  
Half sad beneath their fanciful disguise.

Although they murmur low in minor modes  
Of love victorious and of life's delight,  
They seem to dread what life or love forebodes  
And their songs swoon into the calm moonlight.

The calm moonlight whose sadly lingering kiss  
Stirs the sweet songsters in the trees to dream  
And wakes the water-jets to sobs of bliss,  
The jets that high among the marbles gleam.

*Nassau Lit.*



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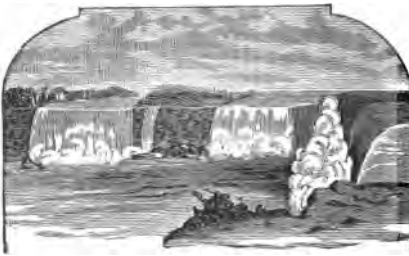
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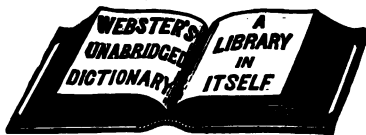
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